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New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1910.

The Cooper Case Again.

We would not anticipate the finding of the Supreme Court of Tennessee in the Cooper cases now pending before that august tribunal, but we venture to assert, nevertheless, that it will be a sad day for the South that sees the murderers of Edward Ward Carmack go free of punishment for their offending, if it should ever come.

Carmack is dead and gone. Unwittingly, perhaps, the men responsible for his passing did far more to perpetuate the vanished statesman's ideals of government than ever he could have done in the flesh. The issue now is impersonal largely. It matters little, relatively speaking, whether the Coopers suffer corporal punishment or not—viewing the problem in its personal aspect, of course. Society at large will profit approximately nothing per se because of their incarceration in a penitentiary somewhere for a time. But it does matter a great deal whether the law is vindicated and the crime legally established. Therein lies the point of vital concern to the South.

The idea is abroad that the Coopers are invoking their so-called "social prestige" and all of their political influence to avoid an unfavorable decision in their cases. It is difficult to understand how any "social" standing can righteously excuse murder; it is equally as difficult to understand how political "pull" might justify it. Tennessee ought to say most emphatically that neither shall prevail in that State. The "social" bully is no more to be tolerated than the "political" thug; both are enemies of good government and honest, peaceful, helpful citizenship.

There is Thaw. "Social" nor political influence availed him in New York. There is Morse, and there is Walsh. We are making progress along that line here and there—gratifying progress. Let Tennessee add the Coopers to that honorable exhibit in behalf of the majesty of the law. It will have a fine effect throughout the United States—an effect altogether beneficial to Christian civilization.

Washington's Public Statues.

We are inclined to think that the proposition to supervise the character of the statues erected in the National Capital, as contained in the bill which has passed the House of Representatives, is a good one. In the past there has been entirely too little regard for the symmetry and harmony of these public exhibitions of the sculptor's art. All kinds of statues, from the warrior on his prancing steed to the private citizen surrounded by an elaborate design in mosaic, have been erected here, and while many of them are worthy of the Capital, it is also true that some of them are not of the highest or most pleasing character.

The great trouble with the appearance of Washington is that it has developed without any definite design. The original plan of L'Enfant has happily saved it from the incongruities which mar other cities, but even this plan suffered an unfortunate departure when the city began to extend beyond the original limits. The outstretching streets and avenues followed irregular lines, and absolutely no attention was paid to the creation of parks and reservations. Many sections of the city, too, are marred by conditions that might have been avoided by wisdom in the past. In addition to this, the architecture of public buildings has been largely a matter of individual taste, with the result that aesthetic effect has been disregarded. The marble Memorial Building is one of the few examples of artistic beauty combined with utility.

Washington will, in the future, be the artistic city of the nation, even as now it is the literary and social center. It is important, therefore, that we should have the benefit of all the expert advice and judgment which the nation affords. We desire most of all a National Capital which shall do credit to our finer sense.

Medal to the Wrights.

Recognized as the first successful aviators and as in the forefront in the development of the science of aerodynamics, the honors shown the Wright Brothers by the Smithsonian Institution yesterday are fully merited. While honors were paid the living, the dead were not forgotten, and the memory of Prof. Langley received a merited tribute.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell sketched the work of the pioneer in the realm of aerodynamics, leading up to the time when the experiments had reached a stage which showed that the Newtonian theory could be overcome. Prof. Langley, when he realized that he could not hope to complete the work, predicted that some one who followed him would put his theories into actual use. Dr. Bell yesterday turned to the brothers from Dayton, sitting near him, and said: "Here are the men to whom Prof. Langley referred."

The vindication for which Prof. Lang-

ley longed, but which did not come during his lifetime, came only when the Wrights made their successful experiments at Kitty Hawk. At this late date the world is according tardy recognition to the Smithsonian investigator.

Dr. Bell and other speakers look for great possibilities in the navigation of the air. Physical obstacles have been overcome; the dream of the ages is being realized, and a new era in human endeavor is opened. Interest in aviation is at high tide, and should remain so until the international meet has been assured for College Park. Washington has become accustomed to the spectacle of a Wright airship, but with a great assemblage of machines from America and Europe, new and startling sights will be witnessed this summer. Washington should put forth every effort to have the contests held at its very doors.

Bribery at Albany.

Hiram G. Moe, a Sunday school superintendent, made a pitiful spectacle as he faced the burning questions of Martin W. Littleton in the legislative inquiry at Albany. The charge of bribery has been made and the evidence is so strong as to leave little doubt in the minds of those present at the hearings as to the truth of the accusations.

The case dates back to 1901, when the bridge companies had several bills before the New York legislature. One of these, favorable to the bridge men, was passed, but another was drawn up and ready to present. This one was highly undesirable to the so-called bridge trust, and was held in reserve as a club. About this time, certain demands were made, and the bridge people were not in position to refuse, owing to the fear of the second bill being introduced in the legislature. The alleged bribery followed.

Moe admits he went to Albany with three envelopes on which were written the names of three legislators. One envelope contained \$4,000, while in each of the others was a \$1,000 bill. One of the envelopes, according to the testimony of Moe, was handed to Senator Allds, the others going to men who have since died.

New York is anxiously awaiting further developments, as it is said former Senator Platt will be called to the stand to explain his connection with some of the deals of that session. Some legislation was suppressed, and it is believed that men "higher up" are the ones to explain the matter.

Chicago is having a graft investigation that is exposing some rottenness. St. Louis has just passed through an era, and Philadelphia has not fully recovered from its numerous ones. Either there is more crookedness in the cities, or the investigators are shrewder men than in the past.

Suffragettes in Wrong Attitude.

London may enjoy the spectacle of a militant woman haranguing a crowd, but New York has not reached that stage in the fight for the ballot. Judging from the reception accorded Mrs. Sophia M. Loebinger at the Belasco Theater Wednesday night, milder tactics will have more effect.

At the close of the first act of "Just a Wife," being played by Charlotte Walker, the New York suffragette, who, with a party of friends, occupied a conspicuous place in a lower box, arose to address the audience.

Neither the stage management nor the star knew of the plans, and when Mrs. Loebinger arose the applause and cheers, due to the novelty of the affair, were understood by the actors to be curtain calls, and they responded seven or eight times before they discovered the cause of the prolonged demonstration.

Within a few minutes after the woman began her speech, pandemonium reigned. Long before she reached her first climax, there were jeers and catcalls from all parts of the house. Here and there a single voice was heard shouting, "Votes for women!" but these calls were drowned in the cries of "Sit down!" and calls for the manager or playwright. The medley of catcalls, hisses, jeers, and shrieks gave the speaker little opportunity to denounce the American drama as she intended. She believes in the elevation of the stage, and asserted that if women could vote, the American stage would be what it is not, has not been, and never will be under the present system of allowing men to rule the country.

Miss Walker was the recipient of a suffragette button four feet in diameter, composed of daffodils and white carnations, with the words, "Votes for women," emblazoned across in blue immortelles. The actress was so surprised by the gift that she forgot to make a speech of thanks. But as a public demonstration, the affair was not to the credit of the cause it was hoped to advance.

"Everything is going up, including crockery," says the Mobile Register. Still, the smash may come some day.

Gaynor! What's the matter with Gaynor? Really, Gaynor seems to be all right!

Mr. Peary's effort to head Bwana Tumbo toward the south pole probably is barren of all political suggestion.

The man who came forward a year or so ago with a scheme to burn ashes instead of coal has been keeping mighty dark this winter. This, doubtless, will help to lower the year's lynching average.

For yesterday, Mr. Weather Man; thank! For the day before—don't mention it!

Jack Johnson has had the color line drawn against him in a number of Detroit hotels. A good "ad" for Johnson, and a good "ad" for the hotels. So everybody ought to be satisfied.

Elbert Hubbard will appear in vaudeville. Turn about is fair play. Vaudeville has been appearing in Elbert long enough.

Lent is here, and the star-spangled shad of the placid Potomac is putting in its annual appearance. The beef trust may go hang.

"Uncle Joe" declined to decide a point of order in the House the other day, but put it squarely up to the House itself. It

took the House two hours to find the answer. All of which may or may not be pertinent to the issue, of course.

Gen. Grosvenor was appointed a member of the Chickamauga Park commission at the request of his successful Congressional opponent. Looks like a good thing for the general; also for the successful opponent.

Dr. Cook's disappearance was not altogether an unworthy proceeding. In fact, a number of people might emulate his example, and win much incidental applause.

The entire newspaper fraternity will wish Editor Clark Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, an early recovery and complete restoration to his usual good health. Mr. Howell's always sunny temperament is one of the things that go a long way toward making those who work around him happy.

"Senator Dick, of Ohio, doesn't know what the death of Caesar had to do with the price of imported shirts," says the Johnstown Democrat. And Senator Dick probably is not going to have time to find out before the next Ohio Senatorial election, moreover.

"The wealthiest clergyman in the United States is dead," notes the Topeka Capital. His wealth stays right here on earth, however, along with the tainted stuff.

"Even the man who admits that he caught only one fish may lie about its weight," observes the Chicago News. He would regard it as an absolute necessity, perhaps.

In days of old, when knights were bold, eggs were not put in storage cold.

The scheduling of the forthcoming big prize-fight for July 4 was not the result of a safe-and-sane crusade, however.

The Mississippi deadlock serves to continue in service a very live Senator in Washington, anyway.

A Missouri man wrote eighty-eight times to Mr. Andrew Carnegie for money, and finally got it. When a Missourian makes up his mind to find out, you might just as well answer the very first time.

"Who said that automobiles are a luxury? Somebody that hasn't one, of course. Once get an auto, and it becomes a necessity," says the Norfolk Landmark. Congratulations; but keep off the grass and the pedestrians, nevertheless.

An Oklahoma judge has ruled that a plaintiff must tell exactly what happened to him during the progress of a secret order initiation. He is a wise plaintiff, we suspect, if he remembers.

Whether the truth hurts or not, the meat eaters want to locate it in the matter of their food supply, nevertheless, and notwithstanding.

"No, Heyburn did not get any land in Alaska. He merely tried to," says the Charleston News and Courier. W-h-h-h-h-h-h!

The fall of "Comet A, 1910" is estimated to be 1,000,000 miles in length. Even at that, however, the tale of the Brownsville row promises to be longer.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot seems apt at conserving his ammunition and bunting his hits, all right.

"Half a century ago a man traded a shotgun for a corner lot in Portland, Ore. Last week he sold the lot for \$250,000," says the Memphis Commercial Appeal. Among other morals incident to this story is that the man who got the corner lot could afford to wait the fifty years.

Chicago is to have a prohibition election. Chicago has already experienced practically every other sensation on earth, so why should it not try on this one?

Dan Cupid seems to have landed a fatal jolt right on the point of old John L.'s jaw.

In his effort to put the Harmon boom out of business, Wade Ellis may find himself in pretty deep water before he gets very far along the way.

"Maud Allan shocked Chicago," notes the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. Nothing else that Maud shocks hereafter will interest her particularly, of course.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

News for Senator Heyburn.
From the Milwaukee Free Press.
Somebody ought to telephone to Senator Heyburn and let him know that the war is over.

Mr. Murdoch's Hair.
From the Nashville American.
Victor Murdoch, leader of the insurgents, has the reddest and curliest hair in Congress.

Mr. Sherman Is Silent.
From the Philadelphia Record.
Senator Dick, of Ohio, is a candidate for reelection, and no interview in his behalf has yet appeared from Vice President Sherman.

The Test of Good Feeling.
From the St. Paul Dispatch.
"There's a better feeling everywhere," says the Indianapolis News. Well, better than when Secretary Ballinger subscribes for Collier's Weekly.

Mr. Hayner's Consistency.
From the Chicago Record Herald.
Senator Hayner has come out in opposition to the postal savings bank. This seems to close the record, as far as Hayner is concerned. He is now opposed to everything.

Mr. Bryan at Home.
From the Jackson News.
One of our exchanges, referring to the fact that Mr. Bryan was not affected by the altitude when he recently climbed an Andean peak, suggests that he has become accustomed to being "up in the air."

The Optimistic Rear View.
From the Portland (Ore.) Telegram.
"Victory ahead for the Democrats" is the way a Southern paper puts it in a headline. Peculiar to relate, the Democratic view of victory is nearly always from the rear.

Mr. Taft Ought to Know.
From the Buffalo News.
It is said one day by those who pretend to know that the President will not push his re-election bill this year, but the next day he himself says he will. The President is the best bet in that case.

Mr. Fairbank's Atonement.
From the Chattanooga Times.
Vice President Fairbanks, who declined to give up a speaking engagement at a Methodist meeting in Rome in order to secure an audience with the Pope, has probably atoned for the colossal episode which deflected his election as a delegate to the general conference.

Settled.
From Puck.
Hewitt—Is he a good writer?
Jewett—Certainly not; he won \$10,000 the other day in a prize story contest.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AFTER DINNER.
With magazine and friendly pipe
I sit at ease
And read about some wondrous type
Of early peas

A man can plant them in his yard
And make them pay.
To cultivate them isn't hard,
The writers say.

I read about the Belgian hares,
The Plymouth Rocks.
They pay as well, the ad declares,
As mining stocks.

And thus a pleasant hour I pass.
I smoke and nod,
And dream of how I may amass
A goodly ward.

Something Different.
"I'm at a loss for a thriller," complained the playwright.
"Shipwreck is stale, and I've tried every form of burning building."
"Well, white paper is pretty high. Still, I offer this suggestion."
"What is it?"
"Snowstorm on fire."

Always a Way.
"She is reputed to be a cold beauty. Did you win her heart with orchids?"
"No; I sent some very fine imported sausage to her dog."

A Willing Worker.
The robin is, beyond all doubt,
An earnest thing.
He does his best to bring about
An early spring.

Got an Injunction.
"I call this the limit."
"How now?"
"A young cub has enjoined me from interfering with his attentions to my daughter."

fooling the Barber.
"You didn't tell the barber you were in a hurry."
"No; I don't want him to know it."

The Machine Feminine.
"Hubby, did you bring home my new typewriter?"
"Yes?"
"And my puffs?"
"I did."
"How about my face powder?"
"Here's your complexion. Now get busy and assemble yourself."

THE GREAT SPANISH SWINDLE.

How Many Americans Continue to Be Victimized by It.

From Leslie's Weekly.
Despite the warnings given out by the Department of State at Washington from time to time against such frauds, the Spanish swindle cases continue, and recently these attempted frauds have increased to such an extent that the State Department receives several letters a week from people who have either been victimized by these scoundrels or who have received letters from them. These swindlers have preyed upon residents of the United States for more than twenty-five years, and have secured thousands of dollars from Americans. They are located in various parts of Spain. Their method of procedure is to write to some person in the United States respecting the imprisonment of a relative and the guardianship of his child. The stories vary in detail, but the most common one is that a distant relative of the person to whom the letter is written is a political prisoner from Cuba, who has been in prison for several years, sent there because he was accused of using funds belonging to the Spanish Government to aid the insurrection in Cuba. It is said that the Spanish government has confiscated all his property which could be found, but that there is still a large sum of money on deposit in the United States. The certificate of this deposit, the letter states, is hidden in a value in an arbor somewhere near a supposed priest, who is the confessor of the prisoner, the latter being represented as very ill at the writing and "suffering torture" as to the fate of his only child—a beautiful young daughter. Will his beloved relative in the United States undertake the guardianship of this child, whose fortune is anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000? One-fourth of the amount to be given to the relative who becomes her guardian.

The whole scheme is presented in such a plausible manner that 75 per cent of the recipients of such letters send the money, and in many instances people have been known to mortgage their homes to comply with the request of the swindlers. Several Americans have gone in person to bring the daughter, only to lose sight of the priest after the money had been paid; and in one case the victim received a letter after his return home, telling him how much the gang had enjoyed his money. It is generally supposed that there are confederates in the United States, who obtain names and learn something of the persons who are selected as victims for them.

Recently the Department of State has received a report on the subject from Consul General Hill, at Barcelona, who has had the various consuls of Spain investigate the swindles; and this activity on the part of our officials there has caused the gang to change the story somewhat, and now the imprisoned relative is a noted banker of Russia, who absconded and fled to Spain for refuge. The change of characters, however, is immaterial, for the scheme is the same.

Do I stand?
From Everybody's.
"Father's trip abroad did him so much good," said the self-made man's daughter. "He looks better, feels better, and as for appetite—honestly, it would do your heart good to hear him eat!"

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Conditions at home are the cause of much uneasiness in the minds of two of the regulars in the Senate. Senator Scott, of West Virginia, has opposition and is leaving no stone unturned to succeed himself. Senator Burrows, of Michigan, has hastened home to look after his fences, with the hope that he can come back again as his successor. He has as an opponent an unusually bright legislator, one who has a grip on his people, a determined man at the "stand-out." Burrows recognizes in Representative Townsend no mean opponent.

But Not the Original.
From the Milwaukee Free Press.
There's a colored lad just from the South who is a constant source of joy to patrons of a downtown barber shop, where he shines shoes.

"What's your name, boy?" asked a patron of the shop the other day.
"Mah name is Poe, sah," replied the boy, respectfully.

"Any relation to Edgar Allan Poe?" asked the man, looking for his little joke.
The darky's eyes opened wide.
"Why, sah," he said, "why, Ah am Edgar Allan Poe!"



Yesterday was visiting day at the Capitol. Among the visitors was a band of Crows from Montana, who came to appear before the Committee on Indian Affairs, of the Senate. There is a bill before the Senate for the opening up of Crow Indian lands in Montana. Many of the braves wore their hair braided with gayly colored ribbons. The delegation was chaperoned by Curly, one of Gen. Custer's scouts, and White-Man Runs Him, one of Gen. Crook's scouts.

While Mrs. Gordon, wife of the Senator from Mississippi, has seen the President on various occasions, it has always been at receptions and never in street garb. The post-Senator, from Vardaman's State, tells this one on his wife. She was on her way to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and not being familiar with the exact location, stopped a portly gentleman and asked him to direct her to the building. The gentleman in question raised his hat and politely directed Mrs. Gordon to the art gallery. As soon as the gentleman raised his hat the lady recognized him as the President, but she gave no evidence of her astonishment, and, thanking him, went her way commenting on his lovely eyes, the same eyes that Governor Vardaman had called "pig eyes."

Senator La Follette has not been in the limelight so far this season, but he is always on deck and in close touch with what is going on. It is a sure thing that he will be heard from before the session is over, and a much surer thing that he will be heard at some length.

It was lawyers' day in the Senate yesterday. The subject that started a legal fracas was the writ issued by Judge Wright, of the District Supreme Court, citing the joint committee on printing to appear before that court and show cause, &c. There was a diversity of opinion among the lawyers in the Senate, and the interest manifested in the debate was unusual. Senators Root, Nelson, Bacon, Sutherland, Borah, and others had their say, and Senator Tillman, as is his custom, got in some pertinent questions and blunt remarks. The South Carolinian didn't like to think that in case the District Court and in turn the Supreme Court should decide against the joint committee the Senate would figuratively disappear. "That wouldn't be the first time the Senate has disappeared," said Senator Sutherland, to whom the remark was made. "Several times the Senate has made laws that the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional and disappeared."

The usual order of things was reversed in the House when a Democrat on the Judiciary Committee made the majority report on the Judge Wright order and a Republican, Representative Parker, made the minority report, signed by himself and two Democrats.

Representative Bennett wore the I-am-tired-almost-to-death smile when the House voted to continue the appropriation for the Immigration Committee.

Senator George T. Oliver, of Pittsburgh, had a little bill he desired to pass through the Senate. Senator McCumber had a voluminous report on numerous pension bills.

"Will the Senator yield to me to pass this bill," said Mr. Oliver. "I must leave the Senate Chamber in ten minutes."

"I cannot yield to the Senator," replied Mr. McCumber, "because I am compelled to leave the Chamber in less than ten minutes."

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Conditions at home are the cause of much uneasiness in the minds of two of the regulars in the Senate. Senator Scott, of West Virginia, has opposition and is leaving no stone unturned to succeed himself. Senator Burrows, of Michigan, has hastened home to look after his fences, with the hope that he can come back again as his successor. He has as an opponent an unusually bright legislator, one who has a grip on his people, a determined man at the "stand-out." Burrows recognizes in Representative Townsend no mean opponent.

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PARIS FLOOD OF LONG AGO.

In 1296 the Seine Waters Floved Over the Palace Walls.

From Hulton Bell's "Paris."
In the year 1296 rose the greatest flood of which history makes any record in Paris. "Men went in boats over the wall of the king's garden." All the island was covered, and from the foot of the hill of the university to the rising ground beyond the Mar